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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK.)

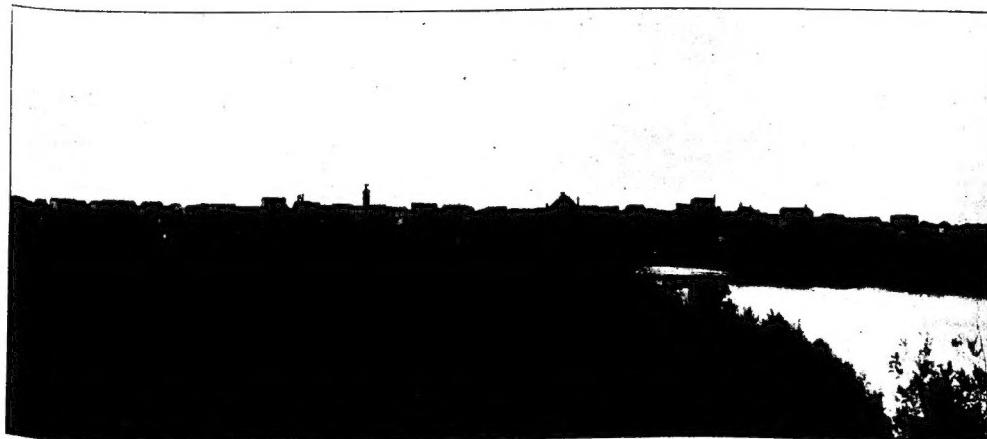
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1888, BY GEORGE E. DESBARS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

VOL. III.—No. 61.

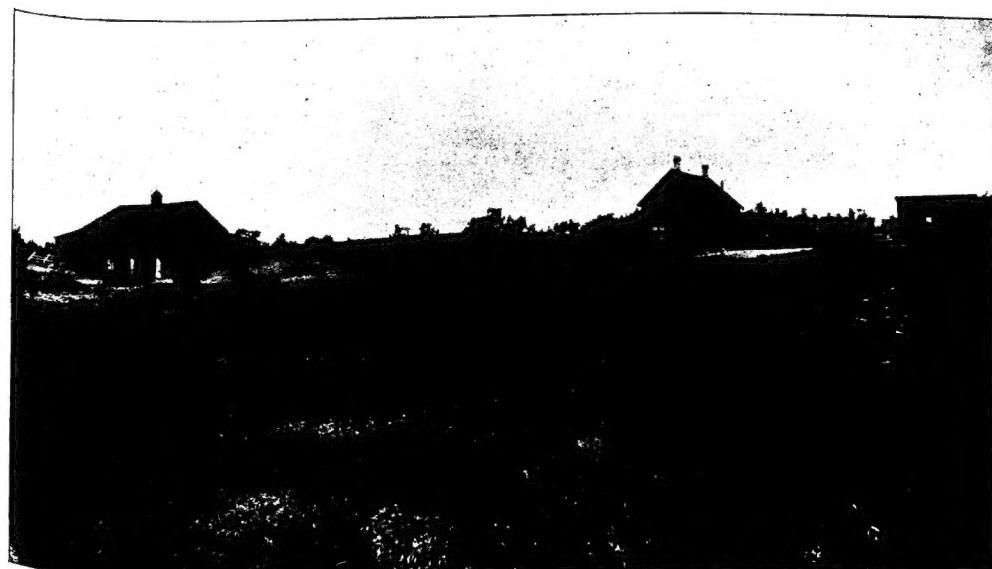
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CITY OF BRANDON, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

Davidson, photo., Carberry.



DWELLING HOUSE AND STABLE—EXPERIMENTAL FARM, BRANDON.

Brock, photo., Brandon.

The Dominion Illustrated.

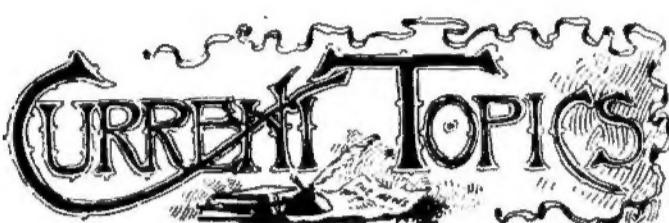
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In our last issue reference was made to the early prevalence of duelling in Canada. It seems that the code of honour was not unknown in the Northwest under the rule of the fur companies. In an appendix to Hargrave's "Red River" (1871), the author gives a fragment of a journal kept, according to custom, by Chief Factor Clarke, and picked up from a heap of rubbish at Norway House in the summer of 1868. In this document, under date Wednesday, October 6, 1819, we find the following record: "Mr. McLeod no sooner called upon Mr. Bethune than Fraser came in a rage and abused him, menacing his fists, saying he had taken advantage of him by taking the tent away. Mr. McLeod politely told him that he was not a blackguard to fight with fists, but that if he had any inclination to show his bravery, he was ready at a call and would walk forward before him into the bushes for that purpose. . . . After waiting on the ground for about twenty minutes, Mr. McKenzie, who was Mr. McLeod's second, came to the camp and told Fraser: 'We are waiting for you some time back,' and returned immediately to Mr. McLeod, and after waiting fifteen minutes more and finding Fraser did not go, they both came back to the Northwest camp. From these proceedings the Indians were assured of our superiority, at which they feel happy in being freed from the subjection of the Northwest Company, who completely enslaved them by terrors and threats."

Under date, May 19, 1820, we come on an account of another quarrel between representatives of the two companies: "I this morning received a most scurrilous note from Bethune of the Northwest, in which he calls me a murderer and compares me to the rattlesnake, for no other cause than that of finding one of his horses wounded, of which circumstance I am as innocent as a man that is at present across the Atlantic." On the following day Mr. Clarke makes this entry in his journal: "Finding Bethune not giving any answer, I this morning sent McLeod with a challenge to him to come forward and meet me as a gentleman, or that I would give him a public horsewhipping on the first occasion, if he would not make a public apology before the men of both forts. Mr. McLeod returned without any satisfactory answer." At this point the fragment comes to an end. The jealous rivalry between the companies terminated in the following year (1821) by their coalition.

The following words of the late Secretary Seward, which are quoted in an article contributed by Prof. H. Y. Hind, in 1863, to the *British-American Magazine*, of which he was at that time editor, are worthy of reproduction now that the prophecy

which they imply is beginning to be fulfilled: "I see in British North America, stretching as it does from the shores of Labrador and Newfoundland to the Pacific, and occupying a considerable belt of the Temperate Zone, traversed equally with the United States by the Lakes, and enjoying the magnificent shores of the St. Lawrence, with its thousands of islands in the river and gulf, a region grand enough for the seat of a great empire. In its wheat fields in the west, its broad ranges of the chase at the North, its inexhaustible lumber lands, the most extensive now remaining on the globe, its invaluable fisheries and its yet undisturbed mineral deposits, I see the elements of wealth. I find its inhabitants vigorous, hardy, energetic . . . and, therefore, when I look at their resources, I know they cannot be conquered." . . . Mr. Seward's praise of Canada was intended to convince his fellow-countrymen of the folly of rejecting the opportunity of conciliating so powerful a neighbour and wasting their energies in endeavouring to revive the decayed provinces of Spain. His warning was also directed against a policy which increased the influence of the slave-holding States, instead of looking northward for the means of invigorating the union. But whatever were his aims, his language has a significance which no patriotic Canadian can ignore.

The Northwest has its roll of honour, and as proud a roll as that of older Canada. It has its share in the glories of all the great explorers, by sea and land, Sebastian Cabot, Hudson, Baffin, Fox, Bourdon, De la Verandrye, LaFrance, Hearne, Mackenzie, Franklin, Simpson, Richardson, Rae, Hind, Hector, Dawson, Fleming and others more or less noteworthy. The history of the great fur companies, when it comes to be written, will be the history of the Northwest. The records of the Geological Survey are largely records of exploration and discovery in the Northwest. One of the greatest railway undertakings of our day, conceived by Canadian foresight and carried out by Canadian enterprise, had its *raison d'être* in the Northwest. But Manitoba and the Territories have a roll of honour that is still more distinctly their own in the names of those who had the faith and courage to cast in their lot with the Northwest in its day of small things and contributed, by toil of hand or head or by generous and timely help, to its progress and aggrandizement. Of these are the Hon. Donald Gunn, Mr. C. J. Brydges, Bishops Anderson and McLean, the late A. K. Isbister, LL.B., who left his library to the University of Manitoba, soldiers like Cols. Kennedy and McKeand and Captain French, missionaries like Monseigneur Provencher, and Messrs. Evans and Steinhauer (inventors of the Indian syllabary), the Hon. John Norquay, and several others whom their native or adopted land will not allow to be forgotten. As for the living who have done good service in organizing the country and in advancing its interests in various ways, the list of them is too long to publish.

Just two hundred years elapsed between the creation of the Hudson's Bay Company (1670) and the admission of Manitoba into the Dominion (1870). The course of exploration and discovery in the Northwest during this long interval may be outlined by a few leading events. One of the objects aimed at in granting a charter to the Hudson's Bay Company was that it might aid in the discovery of a Northwest passage. It was not, however, till nearly two generations had passed away that the company undertook to discharge that task. In

1719 the frigate Albany, Capt. Berley, sailed from England, but never returned. Between that date and 1737 several other vessels were sent out on the same mission, but the results though, save in one instance, not so disastrous, were equally fruitless as to the end in view. More effective work was done by the Vérandrye family. In 1737 Pierre Gauthier de Varenne, Sieur de la Vérandrye, started on an expedition into the country beyond Lake Superior. In 1735 he built Fort Rouge on the site of the present city of Winnipeg. In 1738 Fort La Reine was erected on the site of the town of Portage La Prairie. In 1743 La Vérandrye's sons reached the foot of the Rocky Mountains; in 1748 one of them ascended the Saskatchewan, and in the following year La Vérandrye the elder died in this city.

In his evidence before the Select Committee of 1748-49, Arthur Dobbs gave some important information on the countries around Hudson's Bay, which he had mainly received from a "Canadese Indian" named La France, as contained in his book, published in 1744. After the Conquest the traders of Montreal entered on that competition with the Hudson's Bay Company for the wealth of the fur country, which, after originating two strong companies (united after a few years' rivalry), only ended by the amalgamation of the Northwest with the older corporation. During the period of conflicting interests much was done in penetrating the great region on both sides of the mountains, which Sir Alexander Mackenzie was the first to cross.

Lord Selkirk's name will ever be associated with the first attempts at colonization in the Northwest. Yet, though many explorers traversed each others' tracks in the half century that followed the organization of the Red River settlement, and reports reached the outer world from time to time of its wondrous fertility, the Northwest was still allowed to remain "a great, lone land." In 1857 another Select Committee was appointed to inquire into the Hudson's Bay Company's affairs. In 1863 that body was reorganized and the possibility of establishing communication between British Columbia and the Eastern Provinces became a subject of discussion. In the preceding year a party of emigrants had succeeded in making their way across the continent. That was a fact of great significance for it showed that not only enlightened statesmen and far-seeing men of business, but also the classes who were practically interested in the utilization of our waste areas had begun to recognize the need of an overland route through British America. That emigrant party must have been guided by a prophetic spirit. From that time forward the tendency was towards unification. Before ten years had passed the whole continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific had been placed under a single federal government. Before another ten years had gone the great connecting railway was well on towards completion. And as it advanced, towns grew up out of the wilderness, till the hum of industry and trade was heard from the Lakes to the Mountains and down to the Sea.

Of these towns one of the most flourishing was destined to grow ere long into the city of Brandon. It was laid out in June, 1881. A name had already been provided for it, the Brandon Hills in the vicinity forming the most picturesque feature in the level prairie country. Moreover, as usual in the creation of business centres in the Northwest, the foresight of the old company traders had indicated the most suitable site. There used, indeed, to be a Brandon House under the Hudson's Bay Company

dispensation, and the ruins of the old stockade, as Mr. Wastie informs us in "Brandon Illustrated," are still to be seen at the junction of Souris and Assiniboine. "The traders' and buffalo hunters' trail from old Fort Garry to the Antlers, Moose Mountain and Milk River passed," the same author tells us, "through the site of Brandon, and the Canadian Pacific Railway bridge and the old ford of the Assiniboine are within a few yards of each other."

Mr. Wastie then describes the sale of the town site at auction on the 2nd and 3rd of June, 1881, when a large number of lots were sold at high prices. Among the purchasers and pioneers were William Adamson (the original squatter on the site), Mr. William Woodworth, Messrs. Charles Whitehead and Meyers (who brought the first cargo of lumber), and Messrs. Winter and Wastie (our authority), who erected and stocked the pioneer store, corner of Pacific avenue and Fourth street. The first hotel business was conducted in a tent on the site of the present Brandon House. The first physician and druggist was Dr. Fleming; the first lawyer was Mr. J. Mayne Daly, M.P. The pioneer mill (for flour and oatmeal) was started and is still managed by Messrs. Fraser and Fisher. The railway did not reach Brandon till September, 1881, and all materials and commodities had to be brought by boat, freight rates averaging a dollar per 100 lbs.

The district was but sparsely settled when the town was laid out. The first to take up land were the Elliots from Port Hope, Ont., who made their home on the Souris, twenty-five miles south-east of the future city. They came *via* Emerson, in 1879, and in the same year the Rev. Mr. Roddick brought a colony from Nova Scotia, which he located near the Brandon Hills. Mr. W. H. Sowden, of Millbrook, Ont., also brought a number of well-to-do farmers, whom he established on the Souris, near Plum Creek, where there is now a flourishing village. West of Brandon the country in 1881 was practically a wilderness, there being only one old settler on the north bank of the Assiniboine. But with the spring of 1882 the boom began and the district was virtually overrun with new-comers—speculators in great part. But as the line advanced westward, only the steadily industrious settlers remained to form a solid nucleus for the future city and district.

Among those who engaged extensively in farming were Messrs. McBurnie, who took 10,000 acres in proximity to the town and spent over \$100,000 in improvements; Mr. Whitehead, who put 500 acres in grain; the Hon. J. W. Sifton and others, who invested largely in farming and stock. The whole district is well adopted for mixed farming—cattle raising and dairying as well as the culture of cereals. Several stations east and west of the city are tributary to Brandon, drawing their chief supplies from its banks and stores. Of schools and churches there is no lack. Taxes are moderate. Roads are easily maintained, but railway accommodation to the south-west is eagerly awaited.

We have already referred to the policy of establishing experimental farms throughout the Dominion. Through the efforts of Mr. T. Mayne Daly, M.P., and first mayor of Brandon, the Federal Government has endowed the Brandon district with an excellent institution of the kind. It is admirably situated on the north slope of the Saskatchewan, the location having been selected by Prof. Saunders, of the Central Farm, near Ottawa, as possessing

every requisite advantage. It is favoured with a good supply of water, plenty of timber, a sufficient diversity of soil, and an excellent situation, as well for agriculture as for the fine prospect (including the city) which it affords. Such an institution is invaluable to the farmers, supplying every information based on experiments and tests, conducted with regard to the soil and climate of the district.

Brandon is well supplied with newspapers, there being two of the Conservative persuasion, the *Mail* and *Times*, and a third, the *Sun*, which professes the Liberal creed. Besides the member (Mr. Daly) whom it elects to the Dominion Parliament, the district sends three representatives to the Provincial Legislature, those on whom the popular choice last fell being the Hon. James A. Smart, Mr. Clifford Sifton and Mr. Graham. Brandon is at no loss for benevolent agencies and societies for good fellowship and mutual helpfulness. Its industrial, commercial, military and other interests are also well organized for co-operation. Other features in its varied life are treated in connection with the illustrations with which we present our readers in this issue. It is our intention, from time to time, to deal similarly with other portions of the Northwest, so that our readers may obtain, both pictorially and by letterpress, a correct impression of the progress that has been achieved in that part of the Dominion.

OUR OWN LAND.

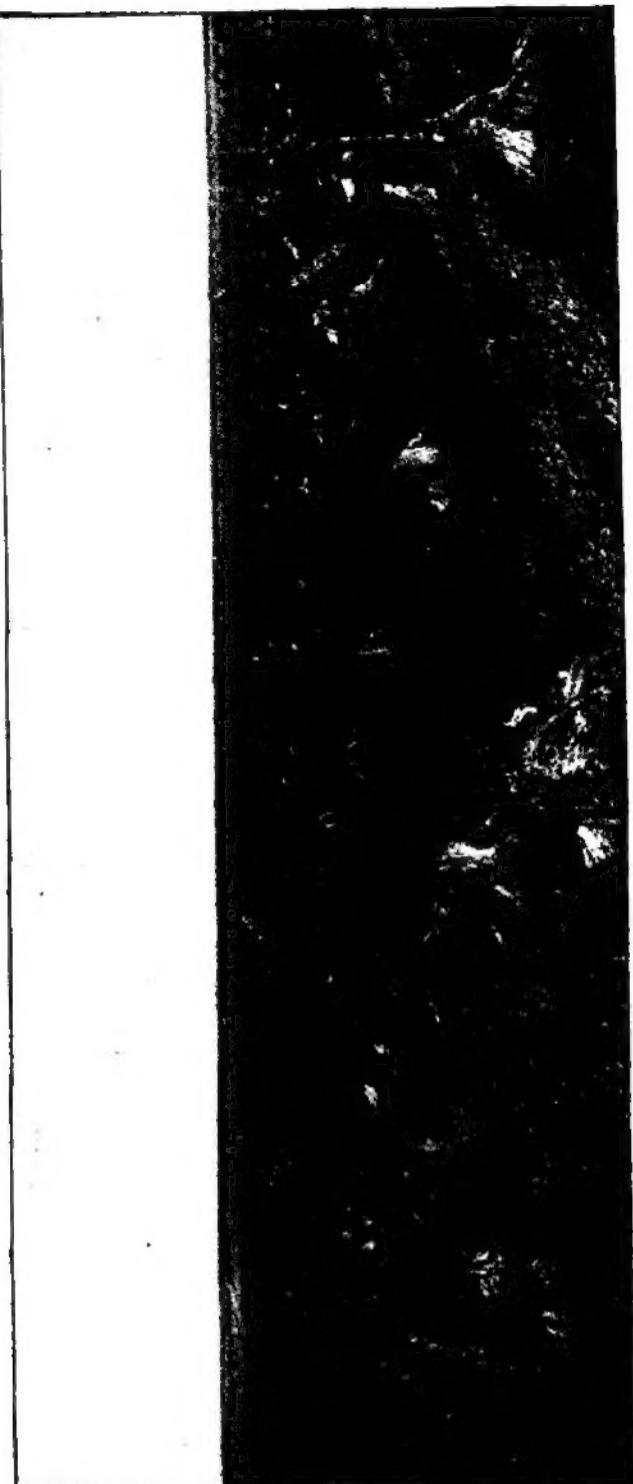
In this number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED we begin to carry out a purpose which we have had in mind since the inception of our somewhat adventurous, but we trust, as far as the country is concerned, not unprofitable undertaking. The name which we deemed it well to select for this journal exactly indicates the end which it was primary aim to fulfil. In carrying out that aim, we have received many expressions of sympathy from all parts of Canada and persons in Europe deeply interested in Canada, for which we cannot but be grateful. Only a short time since, on the termination of its first year of existence, we outlined the results that we had so far been able to achieve in the conduct of the paper. We also appealed for co-operation—in the form both of suggestion and actual help—in our endeavour to adhere to the main object in view—the illustration of our grand country. It seemed to us, moreover, that in discharging that task, special attention was due to that new Canada of the Northwest, the opening up of which has added so materially to our prestige in the old world, and is destined ultimately (notwithstanding real drawbacks and the evil forecasts of the discontented and disaffected) to make Canada a powerful and prosperous nation. We are sometimes inclined to sneer at the chauvinistic declamation which on this side of the Atlantic goes by the name of "spread eagleism." Self-admiration is certainly not in good taste, and it is always possible for patriotism to degenerate into that exclusive laudation of one's own country, which is ridiculous where it is not offensive. But, on the whole, it will, we believe, be admitted that panegyric of this kind is not the besetting sin of Canadians. On the contrary, we are more prone to under-value than to over-estimate what pertains to us, whether it be in the moral, intellectual or material sphere. Time after time, the excellence of our belongings—whether they consisted of some feature in our great and varied physical resources, or merits of another kind—has remained unrecognized, some chance stranger of our own kin, or more or less interested foreigner, revealed to us the

preciousness of our possession. When the late Secretary Seward uttered the words which we quote elsewhere touching our immense, rich heritage in the Northwest, that vast and fertile region was practically a *terra ignota* to nine-tenths of the people of Canada. But now we have come at last to realize the truth of his words. We could give repeated instances of like unconsciousness on our part to the boons with which Heaven had favoured us till their worth was revealed to us by alien lips.

We hope, therefore, that in making the high value of things Canadian frequent theme, we are violating no canons of good taste, but rather are doing our simple duty as journalists having as our special mission the illustration—that is, the making known by pen and pencil the grandeur, the wealth, the many and manifold attractions—of the Dominion. We might do this very effectively—as far as the pen's share in it is concerned—by confining ourselves to a reproduction of what has been said about Canada by visitors from beyond the border and the ocean. Since the British Association held its meeting in Montreal, and especially since the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway has afforded the means of travelling with safety, comfort and even luxury from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the testimony in favour of Canada—its resources, its scenery, its development, the prosperity of its people, the freedom which they enjoy, and the educational and social advantages that are at their disposal, would form no inconsiderable library. We have had the gift for which the poet prayed with a fervour that smacks of malice bestowed upon us in really generous measure and without the evil consequences from which he shrank. This testimony has been a revelation to many of us. It has shown us how highly persons who have had experience of other lands and climates estimate the natural and other advantages of the Dominion.

In a recent number we mentioned one of the latest of these expressions of opinion, which is all the more valuable from having been written by one who had not merely passed through the country, but had lived in it long enough—seven years—to know thoroughly its character as a home. It is entitled "The Colonist at Home Again." The author came out here in 1880 in order to satisfy himself as to the suitableness of Manitoba as a place to settle his sons in. He was a retired officer and had lived several years in India. The climate of Manitoba might, in his case, therefore, naturally be thought trying. Yet here is what he says after a visit to Bath, one of England's most ancient and notable health resorts: "As the place of my nativity, I derived much benefit myself—having been nearly consumed during three or four weeks of well-nigh tropical weather in London—from revisiting these old-time haunts, during a short sojourn with relatives in the suburbs; but confess, somewhat reluctantly, that neither their salubrious breezes nor the far-famed waters of its splendid baths, which I employed, are comparable for effectiveness with the vitalizing and re-invigorating air of Manitoba." As to the placing of his sons, the primary object of his visit, he writes: "I have never had a moment's cause to regret that I brought my sons out here. I could never have done anything for them at home like what they have done here. They had no special advantages to start on. . . . They have had to work hard and for a long time against a strong ebb-tide, and they have not shirked it. Henceforth each year will bring diminished toil and increased fruits."

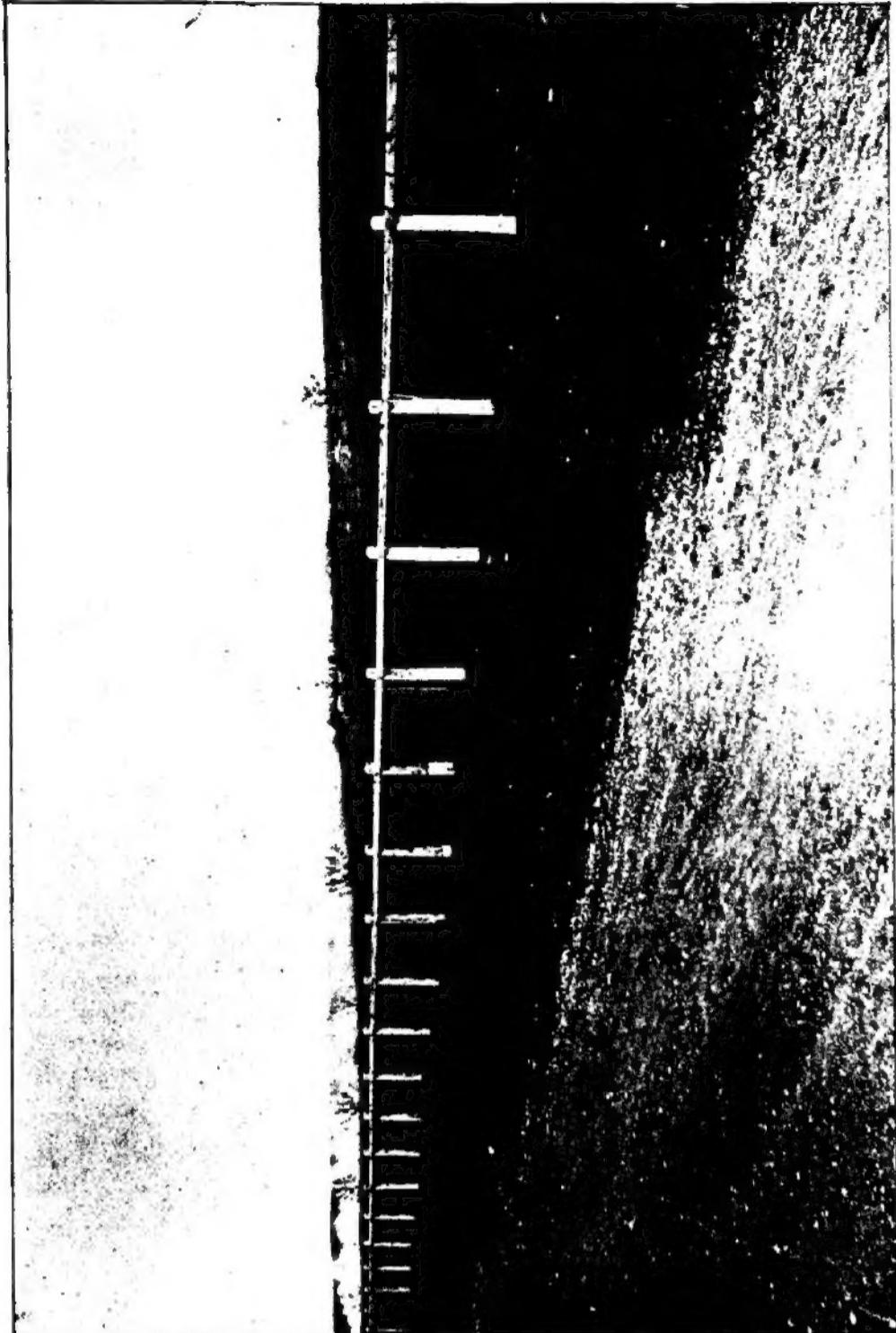
Another piece of testimony we find in the last



A TYPICAL WHEAT FIELD, CUT WITH MASSEY'S TORONTO BINDER.



MASSEY'S TORONTO BINDER AT WORK.



GENERAL VIEW OF PART OF EXPERIMENTAL FARM AT BRANDON, LOOKING WEST.



A BUSY SCENE—THRESHING AND LOADING GRAIN FOR MARKET.



T. M. DALY, M.P., FOR SELKIRK.



HON. JAS. A. SMART, M.P.P.
MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS, MANITOBA.



CLIFFORD SIFTON, M.P.P.



A. C. FRASER, MAYOR OF BRANDON.



P. E. DURST, PRES. BRANDON ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.



BAND OF THE 95TH BATTALION, BRANDON, from a photo, by Irwin.

issue of the *Quarterly Review*. "It was our good fortune," writes this witness, "to spend several months during the past year in the Northwest and in British Columbia and to see for ourselves some of the capabilities of a region on which depends in a great measure the future greatness of the Dominion. Like every one who has made a similar journey, we have been as much delighted with the beauty and variety of the scenery as with the extent and richness of the fertile prairie. . . . The cordon of towns and villages which now stretches across the continent from Port Arthur to Vancouver is the best evidence of a progress which is remarkable, when we consider that it illustrates a history which does not go beyond a decade of years. Stone and brick buildings of fine architectural proportions, streets paved and lighted by electricity, elevators and mills busy night and day, are the characteristic of towns over whose sites only yesterday silence brooded." Elsewhere we give, from authoritative sources, an account of the foundation and growth of one of these thriving towns which so surprised and charmed our visitor. Brandon may be considered a typical settlement. Founded in 1881, it is to-day a flourishing centre, industrial, commercial and social, of a large and important district, with tributary towns glad to accept its supremacy and to profit by its superior advantages.

OUR BRANDON ILLUSTRATIONS.

To have added sketches of the \$40,000 Post Office, \$25,000 Provincial Reformatory, McDiarmid & Nation's solid brick block, with 120 feet frontage, Congregational Church, Baptist College, and Permanent Experimental Farm Buildings, which cost \$25,000, would have made the Brandon issue much more imposing. All these, excepting the two latter, are in course of construction, but none of them completed.

To give a fair idea of so much enterprise in an agricultural town, less than ten years old, without the illustrations to prove the facts, would have implied a large dependence on the reader's faith.

We will, therefore, await the completion of nearly \$100,000 of Federal, Provincial and Civic Public Buildings in the second city of the Province, and, if our present effort to bring to the notice of Eastern and Old Country people this thriving agricultural centre is appreciated by our Western friends, we shall in a future issue feel encouraged to illustrate Brandon's public buildings and a few of the principal prairie farmsteads crowded out of this issue.

THE VESTIBULE AS A SAFETY DEVICE.

Closely related to the coupler is the vestibule, which within the last two years has become so fashionable. The vestibule is not merely a luxury, but has a certain value as a safety device. The full measure of this value has not yet been proved. Occasionally lives are lost, by passengers falling from or being blown from the platforms of moving trains. Such accidents the vestibule will prevent, and, further, it decreases the oscillation of the cars, and thus to some degree helps to prevent derailment. It is also some protection against telescoping. A few months ago a coal train on a double-track road was derailed, and four cars were thrown across in front of a solid vestibule train of seven Pullman cars approaching on the other track. The engine of the vestibuled train was completely wrecked. Even the sheet iron jacket was stripped off from it. The engineer and fireman were instantly killed, but not another person on the train was injured. They escaped, partly because the cars were strong, and partly, doubtless, because the vestibules helped to keep the platforms on the same level and in line, and thus to prevent crushing of the ends of the cars.—H. G. PROUT, in *Scribner*.



A good way to temper mill picks is to heat the bill to a blood-red heat, and then hammer it till nearly cold; again heat to a blood-red, and quench as quick as possible in three gallons of water in which is dissolved 2oz. of oil of vitriol, 2oz. of soda, and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of saltpetre. The bill should remain in the liquid until it is cold.

The Swedish residents of Chicago have given an order to a firm in Stockholm for a statue of Linnaeus, to be erected in Lincoln Park. It is to be an exact representation of a figure now standing in the Hop Garden in Stockholm, the face being full of kindly grace and dignity, the figure enfolded in a long loose robe or cloak. The right hand holds the gathered folds of the garment, while in the left are a book and a little bunch of Linnæa.

Dr. Salzer, assistant to Prof. Billroth has given (*Medical Press Circular*) a report on the treatment of swallowed foreign bodies by the so-called potato cure. The method consisted in requiring the patient, who had swallowed a foreign body, to eat large quantities of potatoes, which had the effect to proportionately dilate the whole intestinal canal, so that the foreign body was enveloped, and could not cling to any part during its passage.

We learn from *Science* that it has been announced by the United States Entomological Bureau that Brood VIII. of the periodical *cicada* will appear this year throughout a large extent of this country. This race is of the seventeen year kind. The region in which it will appear commences in south-eastern Massachusetts, extends south across Long Island, then down the Atlantic Coast to Chesapeake Bay, thence up the Susquehanna River to Harrisburg, westward from thence into Illinois. The bureau will be glad to receive news of the appearance of the *cicadas*, and desires especially to receive accounts of all occurrences in West Virginia and North Carolina.

CARTRIDGE TO OIL THE WAVES.—A cartridge has been invented by Mr. Albert H. Walker, which, when filled with oil and discharged, will pacify the stormiest seas. The receptacle is of ordinary cartridge size, but is made of heavy paper, and weighted at the further end with a small piece of lead. It will hold about two ounces of oil. It is fitted in an ordinary cartridge shell, and fastened to it by means of cotton shreds. The cartridge is put into a breechloader, and the trigger is pulled. The cotton connecting the cartridge and the shell is ignited by powder. It is burned, and the cartridge, filled with oil, is sent spinning away over the waves. Then, at any point the navigator may wish, the cartridge, because of the lead at the head, will sink into the waves. The oil being lighter than the water, rises to the top of the sea, and spreads over it like a film over the waves. By means of these cartridges a path an eighth of a mile broad can be made through the heaviest of seas.—*Court Journal*.

THE EIFFEL TOWER.—In addition to the lighting, there are several points connected with this great tower of interest to electricians. During the building of the tower the telephone proved of great use as a means of communication between the men at work at the top and those engaged below; and the various platforms are now all permanently in telephonic connection with one another. Special provision has been made to protect this huge lightning conductor from lightning. Eight cast-iron pipes, 19 inches in diameter, connected to the ironwork of the structure, pass through to the water-bearing strata, 60 feet below the level of the Seine, while at the summit soars a long pointed rod of the ordinary description. Bent on vindicating the practical utility of the Eiffel Tower, the French have been at great pains to enumerate the various scientific possibilities of the structure. First and foremost, there is the laboratory at the top, for which great things are predicted in the way of meteorological observations and discoveries in atmospheric electricity.

A UNIVERSAL CLOCK.—A very simple and ingenious clock for showing the time on all the four quarters of the globe at a glance has just been devised by Mr. John W. Mason, Edinburgh, already known as the inventor of several novel movable diagrams of the seasons, which have been introduced into a good many schools. On the clock face, which may be described as a flattened globe, has been painted the map of the world. This is divided into 24 hour lines, which radiate from the North Pole, which forms a central pivot outwards like the spokes of a wheel. The clock face is movable, and goes with ordinary clockwork. On a fixed marginal circular belt are painted the hours, the figures for the day are coloured pink, and for the night a deep blue. When the clock map is slowly revolving the hour opposite the meridian or line of each country is the true time for that place. The clock map can also be used in a diagram form—all that is necessary to be done in that case being to get the British Islands opposite to the hour of the day, determined by a reference to a watch, at which the person is making the investigation, and the time in every country of the world is then shown at a glance. A curious feature is that it has no hands, and yet it tells the time truly and shows a great deal more than any other clock can do, if it had twenty hands or dials. Mr. Mason's universal clock is certainly as efficient for the purpose intended as it is ingenious in contrivance and simple in construction. The clock has been shown at the Paris Exhibition.

PIONEER TIMES.

BY ALEX. BEGG.

Well do I remember the advent of the first sewing-machine, and the sensation caused by the arrival of the first piano—truly an event in the history of the settlement. Tallow dips reigned supreme, and the first coal oil was sold at from 14s. to 16s. per gallon. Now gas and the electric light are common. I had something to do with the introduction of civilized ideas. I formed, for instance, the first theatre in the North-West, and from the stage sprang the first church in Winnipeg. It was in this wise. Having organized an amateur theatrical troupe from native talent, a hall in one of the buildings was fitted up as a theatre. The attempt was crude, it must be admitted, and I don't know that we ever tried "Hamlet," or anything so high-flown. Pantomime was indeed our forte. One day Archdeacon McLean, now Bishop of Saskatchewan,* suggested that the theatre should be utilized on Sunday evenings for religious services. Consent was given, and I agreed to act as first sexton. I regret to say, on behalf of the dramatic art, that the Archdeacon drew better audiences on Sunday evening than the theatrical troupe did during the week. The result was a threatened collapse of the floor of the theatre. One Sunday evening, hearing some ominous cracks from the overburdened floor, I rushed out, and with the aid of the shopkeeper underneath, having obtained a number of poplar poles, we propped up the devout worshippers overhead. It was well the services of the church forbade applause, or else I fear the whole congregation would have found themselves in the depths below, rather than in the realms above. It is needless to say there were no more services in that church. The Archdeacon adjourned to the Court House adjoining Fort Garry, and soon afterwards Holy Trinity was built. Having seen the danger of buildings collapsing and falling to the earth, the idea of preventing them from being blown up was next conceived, and the first general powder-house in the country established; but it was not a success, as you will understand when you know that it was no uncommon thing for a trader to seat himself on a keg of gunpowder near the camp-fire, and smoke his pipe in the most leisurely way. The Hudson's Bay Company were the bankers as well as the rulers of the settlement, and the currency of the country consisted of gold and silver coins and blankets; not the domestic article of that name, but merely a sort of bank-note circulated by the Company in something the same form as that issued by the Bank of England. To bring the settlement into closer communication with the outside world, a stage running three times a week, *via* the United States, was established in 1869.

Settlers now began to arrive in the country in large numbers; some came in waggons, others floated down the Red River in flat boats, the railway having then only reached St. Cloud, a town in Minnesota, a short distance beyond St. Paul. An immediate spread of settlement followed this influx, and to avoid disputes the Dominion Government found it necessary to take steps for the proper survey of the country. Provision was made in 1872 by the Dominion Lands Act for the division of the land into townships, each consisting of thirty-six square miles or sections. A Government Land Office was established, and settlers were allowed to take up free homesteads wherever they were to be found. In the meantime, the stage travelling on alternate days had given place to a daily coach, and in 1871 Mr. James J. Hill, now president of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway Company, placed the first regular passenger and freight steamer on the Red River between Moorhead in Minnesota and Winnipeg in Manitoba. On November 20 of the same year telegraphic communication between Manitoba and the outside world was completed, and on that day the first message (one of congratulation) passed over the wires between the Governor of the North-West, the Hon. Adams G. Archibald, and the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Lisgar.

*The good bishop has since died, to the regret of many persons both in old Canada and the North-West.



BRANDON CITY AND DISTRICT.—To do justice in a single issue to this thriving portion of the Canadian Northwest is virtually impossible, so many and so varied are the features of interest, and so marked has been the development of the city and its environs year by year since 1880, when the settlement of the territory around began. In that year it was made known where the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway was to be. Before that date little of a practical or useful nature was known of the country. An odd settler here and there, no two nearer than 20 miles of one another, was to be found. With the advent of the railway, however, settlement set in, and now we have in Brandon a city of 4,000 people, and a surrounding country laid out in counties, municipalities, towns and villages such as may be found in the older portions of the Eastern provinces. The country is surveyed into sections of 640 acres, half sections and quarter sections, and for miles distant from Brandon an average of a settler on every section, and less, may be found pursuing their callings just as if they had been located on their possessions for a quarter of a century. The country is everywhere dotted with school-houses, churches, post offices, etc.; the roads are excellent (owing to the nature of the soil); and there is every convenience that could be expected in a country of many times its age. The County of Brandon comprises six municipalities—Elton, Daly, Cornwallis, Whitehead, Oakland and Glenwood, each consisting of six townships, six miles square, with Brandon City in the centre, five railway outlets and inlets radiating from that centre, as well as good roads, post office routes (stage lines), going in every direction. In 1880 the population of this entire county was less than 300, with about as many more in the city towards the close of a year, and to-day the county (city included) has a census of 12,000 people, and comprises about 160,000 acres under crop. The land throughout is mostly undulating, thus affording good pasturage, ample grain soils, good water, and all that is required by nature to make the home of many thousands more of a happy and prosperous people. As the Brandon and Souris RR. is to reach the Souris coal fields, about 8 miles distant, this fall, where there is an inexhaustible supply of fuel, the fuel question of the West is solved, and henceforth coal of good quality will be had for \$4.50 to \$5.00 a ton. This should also settle the manufacturing question for Brandon, as it will keep coal, and with it mechanics' wages, at a very moderate figure. The city has all the advantages found in progressive centres of the East, while schools, churches, post offices, and all the conveniences for farm life are to be found at reasonable distances throughout the county, and, in fact, throughout the entire province. The country is steadily developing, and is undoubtedly destined to become one of the most progressive and prosperous districts in the Canadian Confederation.

THE CITY OF BRANDON.—The first timber building was erected in June, 1881, and to-day the place has 4,000 of as active, industrious and intelligent a people as are to be found in any portion of the globe. It possesses over 100 business places in the commercial line, seven grain elevators, with an average capacity of 50,000 bushels, eight first-class hotels, three branches of chartered banks, two telegraph offices, seven implement shops, every agricultural manufacturer of Ontario being represented here, large newspapers, the *Mail*, owned and edited by Mr. Cliffe, being an able and consistent representative of North-West interests as they are; a convent, churches of all the religious denominations in the country, high and common schools, and a college in prospect; blacksmiths' shops, carpenter shops, watchmakers, and all that the manufacturing interests and demands of the country so far appear to necessitate. There are now three branch railways under construction, and with these completed this fall, as they will be, there will be easy access to all points of the country, opening the way for the location of wholesale houses in every branch of trade. Brandon is lighted by the Edison incandescent system, has an efficient fire department, and boasts of 20 miles of well graded and gravelled streets. Brandon is the largest farmers' grain market in Canada, and by far the largest horse market in Manitoba.

THE EXPERIMENTAL FARM.—To carry out the aim of the Federal Government in establishing an Experimental Farm in every province in the Confederation so as to supply information from experiments to settlers who could not well afford the time and means to make them on their own account, the Manitoba institution was located just to the north of Brandon, a portion of its southern part being really within the city limits. The site was selected because it possesses, through its elevations, plains and undulations, every variety of soil and surface to be found in the province; is easy of access to the whole country, and running through its area of 640 acres several small meandering streams affording plenty of water for the use of man and beast, and fire protection. As it is this year producing its first crop, there is as yet but little to relate concerning its experiments. On the farm and in the various soils, and at the different altitudes, are to be found all kinds of fruit and ornamental trees, shrubs, grains, roots, etc., to which it is thought expedient to give a trial.

Most of them are doing remarkably well, considering that this is an exceptionally dry season. Mr. Bedford, the manager, who is an exceedingly courteous gentleman, and at all times pleased to see visitors in search of information, or who are prepared to offer suggestions, has everything in systematic form. His fields and portions of fields are tastefully laid out, fences appropriate, buildings in every respect suitable, though inexpensive, until replaced by better ones later on, and everything is adapted to secure accurate records. The results of all experiments will be registered and published from time to time, affording information to agriculturists, horticulturists and cattle breeders.

THOMAS MAYNE DALY, M.P.—Mr. Thomas Mayne Daly, barrister-at-law, and M.P. for Selkirk, Manitoba, whose portrait we give in another page, is a son of the late Thomas Mayne Daly, who represented Perth, Ont., and the North Riding of Perth in the Ontario Legislature and Dominion Parliament at various times between 1857 and 1875. Mr. Daly's mother was Helen McLaren Ferguson of Crieff, Perthshire, who came to Canada in 1842 with her father, Mr. Peter Ferguson, architect of Stratford. His paternal grandfather was the late Lieut.-Col. H. C. W. Daly, who was for many years agent of the Canada Land Company and of the Bank of Upper Canada at Stratford, of which place he was also the first mayor. Mr. Daly was educated, as his father had been, at Upper Canada College, Toronto. He was admitted to the Bar of Ontario in 1876, and began practice in Stratford, his native town. In May, 1881, he removed to Brandon, Manitoba, of which he was one of the pioneers, and where he has since resided. In 1882 he was elected Brandon's first mayor, and re-elected 1884. He is a member of the Law Society of Manitoba, and a member of the Protestant Board of Education in that province. Mr. Daly has served as quartermaster in the 28th Prince Battalion of Militia, from which he returned in 1881 with the rank of captain. He has also filled several other important positions both in Ontario and Manitoba. At the general elections of February, 1887, Mr. Daly stood as a candidate in the Conservative interest for the electoral division of Selkirk, and was returned by a majority of 179 over his opponent, Mr. J. A. Christie. He exerts much influence, politically, professionally and socially, in his adopted province, especially in his own constituency. In Brandon he enjoys the esteem of all classes of the population for his public spirit and genial disposition.

THE HON. JAMES ALLAN SMART, M.P.P., MUNICIPAL COMMISSIONER AND MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS, MANITOBA.—In connection with our sketches of Brandon, we present our readers with a portrait of the Hon. J. A. Smart, who represents that city in the Provincial Legislature of Manitoba. Mr. Smart is a son of Mr. James Smart, formerly a manufacturer of iron work at Brockville, Ont., but now Sheriff of the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville. He was born at Brockville in 1848, and is, therefore, the senior of the family. He went to Manitoba in 1860, and until July, 1881, was a member of the hardware firm of Horrman & Co. Removing to Brandon, he engaged in the same line of business on his own account, and was successful that he was able to retire in September, 1886. He was elected an alderman after the incorporation of Brandon in 1882, and in 1885 was elected mayor, and re-elected in 1886, on both occasions by acclamation. He was a member of the Western Judicial District Board until its abolition in November, 1886. He was elected to represent the city of Brandon in 1886, and was invited by the Hon. Mr. Greenway to take the portfolio of Public Works, which he still retains.

MR. CLIFFORD SIFTON, M.P.P.—Mr. Sifton, whose portrait we present on another page, is of Anglo-Irish descent. He was born in London, Ont., but moved to Manitoba with his father, the Hon. J. W. Sifton, in 1875. Mr. Sifton has always taken an interest in public affairs. At the last election he was requested to stand for North Brandon and was elected.

MR. C. A. FRASER, MAYOR OF BRANDON.—This gentleman, who at present presides over the civic administration of Brandon, Manitoba, is one of the pioneers of that thriving city. He was one of the sturdy and enterprising band to which it owed its establishment as the business centre of an important district. Ever since his arrival at Brandon, Mr. Fraser has taken an unflinching interest in the welfare of the community, to the industrial life and progress of which he has largely contributed. His election to preside over the affairs of the city is a recognition on the part of his fellow-citizens of his public spirit as well as of his estimable qualities in a business and social capacity. He is the head of the important firm of Fraser Brothers, which carries on a general business in the eastern half of the Masonic Block and does a thriving business with both city and country.

MR. P. E. DURST, BRANDON.—This gentleman is one of the pioneers and chief business men of the important and growing city of Brandon. He has the largest watch and jeweller's store in the place, and can claim to be its pioneer jeweller. He has amassed considerable wealth, and owns the large block which bears his name, and of which he occupies the eastern half. This block, recently erected by Mr. Durst, is on the south side of Rosser Avenue. Mr. Durst is also president of the Electric Light Company of Brandon.

THE BREAKING SCENE is but an illustration of what is a familiar sight in the spring after the crops are put in in varying extent on every section of Manitoba. Mr. Sanderson commenced, as many others did, with limited

means; but he made a success of farming from the start, and, even this dry year, has 640 acres of wheat on his farm, two or three miles north of the city, that will turn out 25 bushels to the acre. As he is reaping while this is being written (Aug. 19), he has a sound basis for his forecast.

TYPICAL HARVEST SCENE.—As nearly all the farming operations are carried on in the country by the most improved machinery, a view of our sowing and harvesting operations is always of especial interest to the agriculturist and the business men of other lands. It is not an unusual thing for one man to put in and take off 100 acres of wheat and other grains unassisted by other hands, and often on the larger farms the employment of from five to ten reapers at once is not an unusual occurrence, giving an activity to harvesting operations unheard of in other portions of Canada. In ploughing, seeding and threshing, the bustle is often no less than it is on the wheat field, thus rendering the life of the Manitoban husbandman one of rare exertion and activity.

LAKE CLEMENTI, BRANDON HILLS, MAN.—This is a beautiful little sheet of water, very nearly in the centre of the Brandon Hills, and in height several rods above the surrounding country. It is of great depth, clear as crystal, but slightly alkaline in taste. An effort will shortly be made by the Federal Government to stock it with fish, which, according to those who are posted in such matters, should be a decided success. As the lake is supplied from some subterranean source, the water is practically inexhaustible, and may yet be made the source of supply for the city of Brandon when the place grows to many times its present proportions. At present it is a favourite summer resort, many Brandonites and others enjoying the healthy breezes, as well as the boating and other amusements afforded by the lake during the heated periods of midsummer.

REFID'S THRESHING OUTFIT.—This illustration gives the uninitiated a glimpse of what may be seen in many localities at any day from the 1st of September until the cold weather of winter has set in earnest. Very often the machine owners employ all the hands necessary to do all the work at a threshing, and move from section to section in a body like a camp of travellers in the East.

JUDGE WALKER'S AND MR. J. D. KAVANAGH'S RESIDENCES are amongst the best built dwellings in the city, but by no means the only good ones, as many others equally solid and handsome are to be found on every street of the city.

THE C.P.R. ENGINEERS LOCATING BRANDON AND SOURIS BRANCH.—This is an excellent illustration of the growth of the City of Brandon and the surrounding country. In 1880 the main line of the C.P.R. was run through where the city now stands, and then there was scarcely a hut or shanty to be seen on our plains, and now the growth is so great no less than five railway inlets and outlets—the C.P.R., east and west, the C.P.R. Souris Branch, the G.N., West Central and the W. P. and Manitoba—find a business before them, thus constituting Brandon the railway centre of the West, and assuring its future as the great supply depot of Western Manitoba. This railway building opens the way for extensive manufacturing and jobbing, which are steadily making their way upwards.

MCIVAR'S BRICK YARD.—This shows that even in the North-Western prairies there are to be found the materials to which the more substantial cities, towns and villages of the East are indebted for their solidity and beauty. McIvar's is the largest of three spacious brickyards that are in operation in the vicinity of Brandon, and so active is the demand for their products that they are kept running to their full capacity, showing, in a marked manner, the rapid growth of the city especially and of the surrounding country in general.

ALEXANDER KELLY & CO.'S MILL was the first structure of the kind ever erected west of Winnipeg. The mill in the oat and wheat depots has a very large capacity, and besides doing most of the custom work in this vicinity and supplying most of the commercial demands, exports largely to Montreal and other Eastern points. It is becoming a very valuable property.

DURST'S BLOCK.—This, the pioneer brick store of the city, gives evidence of what energy and enterprise may accomplish in the West. Mr. Durst began business as a jeweller with but little means in 1880, and now he has a fine brick store and residence, many other good properties, and is conducting a very lucrative trade. The adjoining store, occupied by A. L. Christie, stationer, carries the largest stock west of Winnipeg.

THE PLOUGHING AND THRESHING SCENES of our Western prairie, as well as the fields in growth, which awaken but little curiosity in residents, are a source of much surprise to visitors and the uninitiated. It is a matter of everyday observation to the traveller in this country to see, in the season, from two to five teams putting in a field of 320 and 640 acres (a half and a whole section respectively), while on such areas as the Bell Farm, Sir Lister Kaye's enterprise, and others of less note, the men and teams seeding in the spring resemble bees in the older provinces. In the later stages the fields in the distance resemble, in their waving growth, the steady movement of a rolling lake, and lastly, the garnering of the golden grain must convince the thoughtful observer that the Northwest is yet destined to feed the millions of the older countries. As the Massey (Toronto) Binder takes the lead in this country, our illustration furnishes but an example of what may be seen in the harvesting season on every portion of our Western plains.



BREAKING THE PRAIRIE—A PLOUGHING SCENE NEAR BRANDON.
Breaking up the prairie at J.W. Scandlon's farm. Brandon.
From a photo, by Brock.



A TYPICAL HARVEST SCENE, SOUTH OF BRANDON.

From a photo. by Irwin.



LAKE CLEMENT, A FAVORITE SUMMER RESORT, 10 Miles South of Brandon.

POEMS OF HEREWARD K. COCKIN.

Every true Canadian cannot but rejoice in the material and intellectual development of his country. When the genius of civilization scatters smiling farms along the prairies of our great Northwest, the Canadian patriot rejoices. He rejoices when our cities burst upon their suburbs and convert the quiet villa-ways into avenues of trade; but more than all does the heart of every true Canadian gladden as he views with pride the intellectual promise of his country as manifested through the genius of song. The poems of Hereward K. Cockin are of this intellectual promise. For some years past Mr. Cockin has been known to readers of current literature as a valued contributor to some of our leading Canadian journals and magazines, but it was not till recently that admirers of his verse had an opportunity of forming a coveted acquaintance with the spirit of his muse in book-form. Mr. Cockin's first poetic offspring, entitled "Gentleman Dick o' the Greys, and Other Poems," is full of fair promise, goodly gifts and true inspiration. There is something of Locker, Saxe and Hood in the treatment and spirit of his poems, yet withal a flavour and turn entirely his own. I think Mr. Cockin's happiest moments in verse are those devoted to the humourous side of life, though it must be confessed that he can touch off an heroic picture with strong and becoming colours, as well as crystallize a pathetic mood. Readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will, no doubt, thank me if in this brief criticism I give a few selections from the volume under review. As testimony to my estimate of Mr. Cockin's power of striking off a picturesque scene in action, let me quote the seventh and eighth stanzas from the poem which gives a title to the volume:

Down the valley the grey-coated infantry stepped,
In a whirlwind of fury their batteries swept,
But the Greys led the charge in the bright morning light,
With the French on our left and the Sixth on our right;
And swift as the bolt from the cloud-lightning riven,
The Muscovite flank on the centre was driven.

But, ere we could re-form our grape-shatter'd ranks,
The Vladimir regiment burst on our flanks,
And 'twas hack, cut and slash—little parrying there—
If the Russians were devils, what demons we were!
Right nobly our handful disputed the field,
For a Briton can die, though he never can yield!

Another poem, full of the breath of heroism and true to its title, is "The Death of Burnaby." The sad memory of the taking of this stalwart soldier is so recent that I feel it a duty alike to author and hero to quote the poem in full:

"Close up in front and steady, lads!" brave Stewart cries,
"they're here";
And distant Cheops echoes back our soldiers' answering
cheer;
One moment's pause—a year it seems—and swift the Arab
horde
Pours forth its mingled tide of hate and yells and spears
and sword;
As demons fight so fight the children of the desert plain,
Their naked breasts defy our steel again and yet again;
But steady as the granite cliff that stems a raging sea,
Above the van of battle looms our "Bayard"—Burnaby.

Broken! The square is pierced! But only for a moment,
though,
And shoulder-strap to shoulder-strap our brave lads meet
the foe;
And on this day the Bedouin learns, in the Mahdi's shattered might,
With what a god-like majesty the island legions fight.
But, oh! the cost, the bitter cost! for ere the set of sun
The bravest heart of Alba's isle its earthly course has run;
And Britain weeps sad, bitter tears whilst flushed with
victory,
For on Metemneph's blood-red sand lies noble Burnaby.

Avenged? Behold what hecatombs around the dead man
lay
(The royal paw is heaviest when the lion's brought to bay);
And as the shades of even fall upon this day of strife
That heap of slain exceedeth far the foes he slew in life.
And when a sneering alien tongue shall speak of her with
scorn,
Or hint at our decaying might, the child as yet unborn
Shall beard the dastard to his teeth and tell exultingly
How like the Israelite in death was "Samson" Burnaby.

Intriguing Russia's prestige waned in far-off Persia's state
When England's lonely horseman stood at Khiva's guarded
gate,
Ah! Bruin of the northern steppes, roll forth thy fetid
breath;
Exult, since now that lion heart is stilled for aye in death!

And scream thine hate, proud bird of France, beyond thy
northern shore,
Perfidious Albion drapes her halls for one who is no more.
Farewell, the last and brightest star of England's chivalry,
'Neath Orient skies thou sleepest well, O gallant Burnaby!

In the following stanzas, from Mr. Cockin's humourous poem entitled "Scamp Kowski," the reader will observe much of the genius of Hood—the same inimitable sense of the ludicrous, ingenious playing upon words and felicity of rhythm. Mr. Cockin's humour, it will be observed, is pure and clarified. It is a gift ennobled by a heart that has been at times the sanctuary of pathos. I will let the first and second stanzas of "Scamp Kowski" tell his story:

Scamp Kowski was a Polish Jew, a friendless refugee;
Although he called himself a Count, not much account was
he,
Until our Church converted him and with a helping hand
Snatched him from fierce Judean flames—an exhibition
brand;
Raised him from dark Mosaic depths, where Jewry toils and
delves,
And held him up to public view, a Christian like ourselves;
Yea! how we petted that young Pole, from o'er the North
Sea's foam
(A foreign heathen's nicer than the pagans born at home.)
And when that pious refugee had left for parts unknown,
Although our church's debt remained, the Communion
plate was gone;
The Widows' and the Orphans' Fund, which once was now
was not,
The Savings' Bank deposits, too, had shared an exile's lot;
And our parson's bitter, heartfelt words no mortal tongue
can say,
When he found the offertories gone for ever and a day.
As sidesman Jones, the dentist, said, "I never liked him,
still
Scamp Kowski's left an aching void which no one else can
fill."

To my mind there is no poetry like that which swells up from a heart of faith. In this age of religious skepticism, when it is thought fashionable to throw an undertone of doubt into poetry, it is cheering to find not a breath of it in Mr. Cockin's beautiful volume of verse. It is fitting that faith, the seal of all true labour, should close my short criticism, and so I pay tribute to the heart of the author in the following lines from "At Christmastide":

Moaning, moaning, wails the north wind, and the moon-beams break and pale
O'er a nestling, peaceful homestead, in a pleasant English
vale,
And around its glowing ingle kneel a gentle household band,
Who are praying for a wanderer in a far-off foreign land;
Pray the mother, sire and sisters, pray they for an only son,
Asking heaven to shield, in mercy, him, the wayward, absent one.

And by that prayer is death denied
In the Western wilds at Christmastide.

Walkerton, Ont.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

THE OLD EGYPTIAN ENCAUSTIC PROCESS.

In the older Egyptian mummies the face of the outer casing is usually modeled in relief, in a purely conventional way, but in this latest form of burial under the Roman Empire a portrait of the deceased was painted on a very thin piece of wood and then fixed over the dead face. It is very remarkable to find such fine colouring and skilful drawing in work of this late date, which must have been turned out of an ordinary undertaker's workshop. The portraits, both male and female, are most vivid and lifelike; the ladies are mostly dressed in a purple garment and the men in white, with a red orphrey. The modeling of the flesh is very skilful, and in some cases the colouring reminds one of the Venetian school from its rich depth of tone. A special point of interest about these paintings is their technical execution in the hot wax, or encaustic process, as it was called. The pigments were mixed with melted wax, and then fixed in their place by holding a charcoal brazier near the surface of the painting, as is described by Vitruvius. The somewhat lumpy *impasto* of the surface is due to the hardening of the melted wax when the brush touched the cold surface of the panel, and, owing to the non-absorbent nature of the wood, subsequent application of heat was not able to drive the wax below the surface, as was the case with encaustic painting upon

stucco. One of these portraits is noticeable from its ornamental framing with a flowing pattern, formed by pressing wooden stamps upon soft stucco, which was afterward gilt, a process exactly like that which was so often used to decorate mediæval pictures on panel, especially retabiles, or *ancone*, as the Venetians called them.—*The Saturday Review*.

THE PRAIRIE.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

For my part I never tire of the summer aspect of the plains. In the winter they are often desolate-looking enough; and what landscape is not? There is at all events this to be said for the winter prairie, namely, that the sky is seldom of a dull grey above it, and is oftener than in Europe of a bright blue, filled with the cheerfulness of sunlight. There is one drawback in summer, and this is the universal presence of the mosquito; but take a day in autumn, and then see if you do not enjoy the prairie. If you are in the eastern parts, the long grass is nearly up to your hips as you stand in it, and its green blades are varied with purple vetches and tall asters. Your horizon is circumscribed, for poplar clumps, with their white stems trembling in the noon-day mirage, are not far off, in whatever direction you look. Out of the netting of the poplar you emerge into a more open world, with hardly a tree. The grasses are not so long, but still the lily or the sunflower is present in masses of blossom. There are marshes thick with tall sedge, and long tawny grass around the margin. There are clear pools and lakelets fringed with reed; and in September what numbers of wild fowl!—swans, difficult to approach, and tall white cranes, and the small sand-crane in flocks. We hear cries in the air above us, and, looking up, we see against a grey cloud great white birds flapping heavily along. They are pelicans, white except the quill-feathers; and behind them now, but rapidly overtaking them, is a long string of other birds, also white, except the wing-feathers. These fly in waving curves, looking in the distance like rows of pearls waved in the air. They are snow-geese, coming, like the pelicans, from the far northern breeding-grounds, and they alight on a lake near at hand, making a long white band on its blue water. They are worth stalking, and an attempt is made, but only one is killed, and the rest take the wing and are no more seen that day. But the ducks are tamer, and come circling back, and afford excellent sport. What a variety! The most common are blue-wing teal, shoveller, dusky duck, and mallard. Certainly there is no easier and better way of having wild fowl shooting than by a visit to the North-West. Once out of Manitoba the land swells into waves, and from each ridge a marvellous extent of country is seen. The lakes are fewer, and a long march is sometimes necessary before a good camping-ground is found. The herbage, except in such spots, is poorer, and the general effect given by it is a dull grey-green, shading in the middle distance to grey and ochre, and then far away these tints become mixed with delicate pinks and cobalt blue. "Far away?" Yes, indeed, the distance seems infinite. You gaze, and the intense clearness of the air is such that you think you have never seen so distinctly or so far over such wide horizons before. Plateaux, hollows, ridges and plains lie beneath you, on and on, and there is nothing to keep the eye and mind from the sense of an indefinite vastness. There is no special mark to arrest the gaze, and it wanders and wanders on to those pink and blue shades, where the skies, light and beautiful in tint, are joined in harmony of colour to the endless swell and roll of the uninhabited world beneath them. A wonderful sense of freedom, and yet of loveliness, is borne in upon you; and you feel perhaps that you would like to keep the liberty and yield some of the loneliness, and pitch your tent and live, if live in the wilderness you must, away to the north, where the streams chime in swifter currents through the more varied lands, and forest succeeds meadow, and fertile dale and prairie have near them the whispering shelter of the firs, and morning and evening lights above these the flaming colours of rose and crimson on the snowfields of the Western Alps.

PERSONAL

The largest private library in Washington is probably Geo. Bancroft's, numbering some 12,000 volumes. He has a copy of Don Juan which Lord Byron gave him, with an autograph note pasted in it, and he has poems which Wordsworth gave him.

Mr. John Duff, M.D., a graduate of the Royal Medical College, has secured the highest honours at the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. Three other Canadians also won honours. Sir Robert Bell complimented Dr. Duff on his excellent training.

Mr. John Tenniel, Punch's famous cartoon artist, will be 70 next year. He joined the staff in 1851, succeeding Richard Doyle, who resigned on a question of conscience, and since that year few issues of the paper have appeared without contributions from his pencil.

One of the few remaining places in London associated with the writings of Charles Dickens—the famous White Hart, in the borough where Mr. Pickwick met Sam Weller—is about to be demolished. Its demolition is requested by a firm of hop-factors. Pickwickians shed a tear.

The whole of the library of the late Gen. Gordon has been presented by Miss Gordon to the Southampton free library, together with a portrait of the hero of Khartoum. Miss Gordon declined to hand the books over to the British museum, preferring that they should remain at Southampton.

Mr. Ruskin was once asked if it would not be well for the Welsh language to die out and be replaced by the English. "God forbid!" he replied. "The Welsh language is the language of music. There is no genius about the English language. The Scotch have got all the poetry, and the Irish all the wit; and how the devil we got Shakespeare, I do not know."

Rev. A. P. Marvin, pastor of the Congregational Church at Lancaster, Mass., has for many years been a diligent student of Massachusetts' colonial history, and has in manuscript ready for press a Life of Dr. Mather, which should be brought out without further delay, as it is understood to clear up some obscure points in New England history, and especially in the life of Mather.—*Christian Register*.

Rev. F. G. Scott, author of "A Soul's Quest" lately published in England, is rector of Drummondville, Que. He is a Canadian, was born in Montreal not 30 years ago, and is one of the ablest preachers in the province. His book is an acquisition to Canadian poetry. There is a newness and strength about Mr. Scott's work that must make all Canadians eager for more like it, although work "like it" will come from few pens—some dozen half-eaten easily named.—*Pro-gress, St. John, N.B.*

Miss Elizabeth Hart, daughter of Rev. T. D. Hart, Methodist minister of Acadia, N. S., left by train Friday for Tokyo, Japan, where she is to enter upon mission work and teach in one of the colleges. The family to which Miss Hart belongs has a noticeable record in the church. Two uncles have laboured in the ministry. About two years ago a sister entered on mission work amongst the Indians in the North-West, and a brother has entered the ministry in the Nova Scotia Methodist conference.—*Yarmouth News*.

How many of the myriad who in childhood have sung, "There is a happy land, far, far away," know anything of its writer? His name is Andrew Young, and he is now eighty years of age, still mentally and physically vigorous, and retaining in all its early freshness his sympathy with children. The hymn was composed in 1838. The tune to which it is married is an old Indian air, which blended with the music of the winds in the primeval forest long before Sunday schools were thought of. The hymn was composed for the melody.

It will be a matter of pride for Canadians to know that three of their fellow countrymen occupy the most important positions in the new Johns Hopkins Hospital just opened in Baltimore. Dr. William Oster, formerly of Toronto, for years professor of pathology at McGill University in Montreal, is chief physician. Dr. Henri Lafleur, his assistant, is a graduate of McGill, and is a son of Rev. Theodore Lafleur of Montreal. The superintendent of the nurses' department is a Canadian lady, whose knowledge, skill and grace have gained for her the charge of this important branch. The institution is the most superbly appointed hospital in the world, cost \$2,046,000 and has an endowment of \$3,400,000.—*Guelph Herald*.

A WONDERFUL LAKE.—One of the most picturesque and remarkable bodies of water in the world is Henry's lake in Idaho. It is situated on the dome of the continent in a depression in the Rocky mountains called Targhee's pass. It has an area of forty square miles, and all around it rise snow-capped peaks, some of them being the highest of the continent's backbone. In the lake is a floating island about 300 feet in diameter. It has for its basis a mat of roots so dense that it supports large trees and a heavy growth of underbrush. These roots are covered with several feet of rich soil. The surface is solid enough to support the weight of a horse anywhere, and there are places where a house could be built. The wind blows the island about the lake, and it seldom remains twenty-four hours in the same place.—*San Francisco Post*.

FINE FISHING ON THE NEPIGON.

As to the relative merits of fly-fishing and bait-fishing, it may be fairly concluded—spurning always the spoon, for it is as barbarous to kill a trout so as to eat him with one—that some people prefer poetry and some prose. To read anything, and to fish at all, is better than doing without either.

The fish of the Neponset are not less various than abundant. To one using a minnow, the pike becomes a nuisance. Now and then in deep still waters a sturgeon pokes up a foot or two of straight black snout, looking like a fence-post, and sinks slowly back. Whitefish give a pleasant change to the menu. They frequent quiet bays or bends, where bubbles mark the haunt of their sporting schools, and require careful handling. The Mackinaw, or lake trout, are coarse and heavy. Tempted only by glaring flies out of their lurking places in swiftest water, they waste time and strain tackle till the angler is more vexed than pleased with his victim. For many sportsmen there is the like objection to fishing in Hamilton's Pool or Victoria Rapids, two points usually greatly favoured. In the first there rages a tumult of torrents, interrupted by occasional eruptions into the air of pebbles, fish and foam. In the other a vehement lashing swell lends to a one-pound trout the pretence of thrice his weight. And in neither haunt are large fish oftener taken than in the quieter up-stream pools.

Of such pools fairly a dozen are within ten minutes' pull from the home camp. At the head of rapids, large or small; on either smooth side, just before the break; in eddies refuse along their torrent; at the tail, where the displaced water rushes back upward past both banks: upon the reef usually formed beyond the foot, and along the shores below, where the river regains quiet among rocks in six or eight feet depth; in some or all of such places, and at some or all times, fish are to be found. Passing from one to another of these, two or three hours' leisurely fishing a day will yield, after rejecting all under two pounds, an ample supply for the three tenants of the camp.—*A. R. Macdonough in Scribner.*

AN ABODE OF HEALTH.

BY PROF. W. FREAM, F.G.S.

The healthiness of the prairie as a place of abode hardly admits of a doubt. There is certainly the long period of five months of winter to struggle through, but the dwellers on the prairie are a cheerful people; they work through the summer and have time to spare for festivities in the winter. Besides, there is no problematic element about the winter on the prairie as there is in England. The settlers know perfectly well that at some date in November everything will get frozen up, and will remain so till March or April. They expect it, and are prepared for it. Their clothing is suited to such a winter; their houses are admirably arranged for the utilization of stove-heat, and the people are quite ready to use melted snow in their tea-kettles. The children, born and bred on the prairie, cannot fail to be hardy and healthy, and this vast territory seems destined to become the cradle of a fine race of men. I saw children it was a pleasure to look at, and one day when a halibut was called for half an hour, I was wandering alone across the prairie, when a lovely child, the picture of health and beauty, approached me, and in the frankest, most winsome manner possible, gave me a bunch of the sweet-smelling holy grass, *Hierochloe borealis*. Of course I thanked the donor—she was quite a little girl—for her graceful welcome to the stranger from the East, and gratefully accepted the gift. I have it now, and mean to keep it, but my recollection of the charming little "prairie flower" by whom it was given me, will remain long after the fragrance of the holy grass has passed away. Though many of the prairie towns are barely a year old, there is fat less roughness, and much more evidence, not only of civilization, but of polite life, than might be looked for. This is, no doubt, greatly due to the fact that not a few gently nurtured women have bravely determined to face the hardships of a pioneer life

in order that they may soften the struggle for brothers, or fathers, or husbands. And some of the ladies of the North-West are as witty as they are accomplished.

HUMAN SYMPATHY.

Sunt hic: sea præmia laudi.
Sunt lacrymae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.
An. I. 461, 462.
(Even here fame has its proper rewards; even here human life finds sympathy, and fate of wretched mortals touch the soul.)

Æneas now for seven long years
Had searched the western main
To find Ausionia's promised land
Where hope might spring again.
With twenty sail of smaller ships.
He tracks the wat'ry ways,
But ever more the new-found coast
His hoping eye betrays.

At length he nears his journey's end:
He sails Hesperia's flood:
A few more days of favouring breeze
Will make his great hopes good.
But still one further ill awaits,
The last the Fates demand;
A tempest drives his weary fleet
On Libya's unknown strand.

While there upon that stranger soil
He rising Carthage sees:
To it, himself and friends are led
To note what there may please.
They mark its handsome walls and towers,
And Temple's costly shrine;
And pictured there on temple walls
A work of Art divine.

Here show Troy's tragic battle scenes;
How Greek and Trojan died;
How Fatæ successive sent to death
Brave chiefs of either side.

Here good old Priam meets his fate:
Red spear, here Hector flies:
With Hector's corse round Illian's walls
Achilles chariot flies.

Æneas sees himself here shown
Encountering mightiest foes:
With famous Chiefs of Grecian camps
Exchanging hostile blows.

His heart had ne'er by hope been touched
Till on that destined day;
Till then he deemed oblivious fate
Pursued, malign, his way.

With bursting tears and low-bowed head
He thus to friends appeals:
"E'en here just fame respects our woes;
E'en here man kindly feels."

E'en here are tears for man's frail life;
For hard avertless ills;
E'en here poor mortals' tragic woe
The soul with pity fills."

The Hero found that fame would last
Though cities ruined lie;
That names enrolled on Clio's page
Would ne'er to memory die.

What though some souls are icy cold,
And see not glory's blaze;
Who lightly value high repute,
Nor care for future days;

Yet mainly through our reasoning race,
Kind pity drops her tear,
O'er woes of man's frail troubled life,
And burdens men must bear.

And men will love those mighty souls
Who wield a Hero's brand;
Who greater hold immortal praise
Than all Earth's spreading land.

And we now weep the fatal bolt
That fell with swiftest fate,
Where pleasant rocky uplands ill
Fair Pennsylvania's State.

O brothers, sisters, hardest tried,
We clasp your hand in love,
Let these few simple cordial words
Our human friendship prove.

Beneath God's rule, is time enough
To turn all ills to good;
Or here, or in a future state;
Or now, or past death's flood.

O yet, trust on, with Bards and Sages,
All griefs shall turn to laughter;
Or now or in the coming ages,
The "Here," or the "Hereafter."

Ottawa, June 12th, 1889.

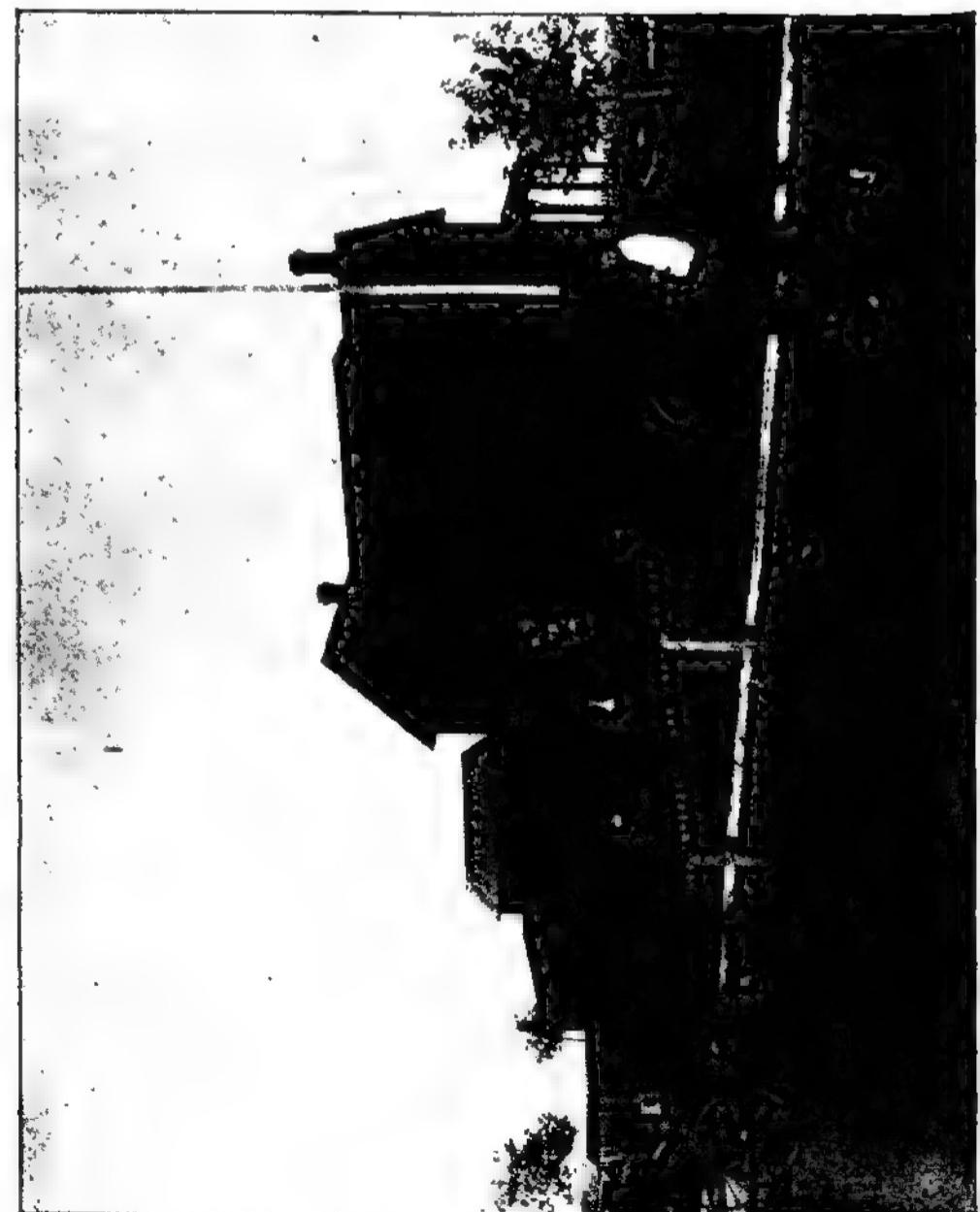
CROWQUILL,



REED'S THRESHING OUTFIT, 5 MILES NORTH OF BRANDON.



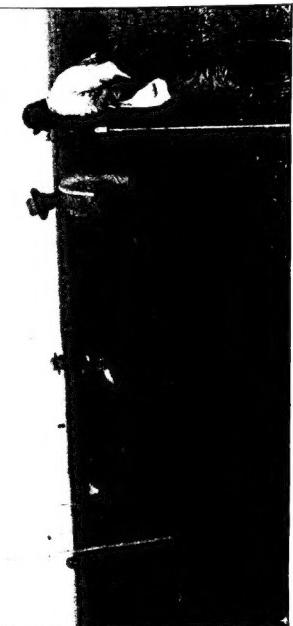
J. D. KAVANAGH'S RESIDENCE, BRANDON. (Irwin, photo.)



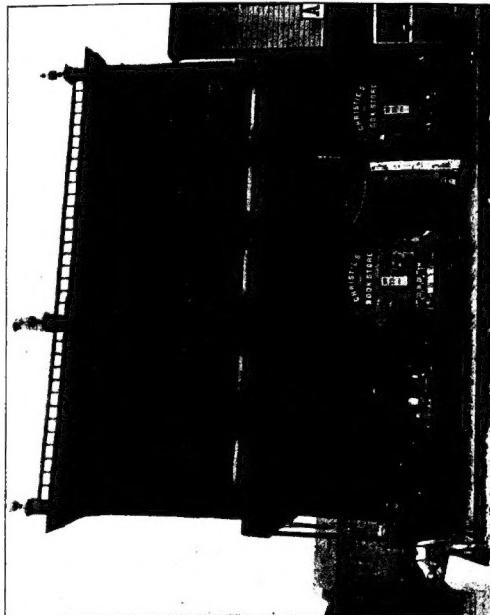
JUDGE WALKER'S RESIDENCE, BRANDON. (Irwin, photo.)



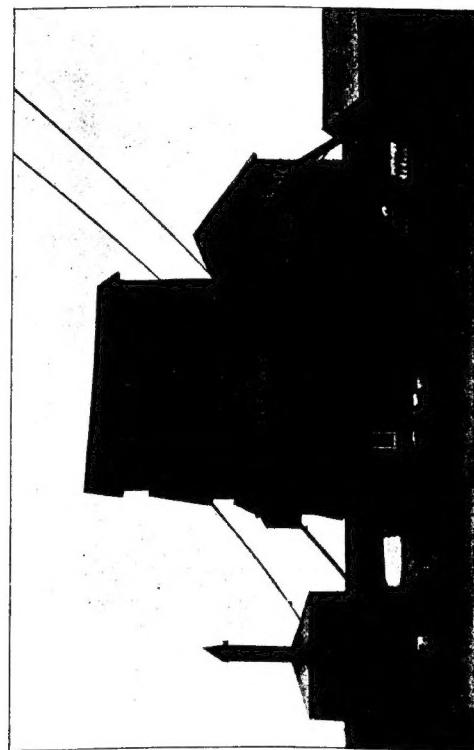
SURVEY PARTY LOCATING BRANDON & SOURIS BRANCH C. P. R.
Irown, photo.



ALEXANDER, KELLY & CO.'S MILLS AND ELEVATORS,
Irown, photo.



DURST'S BUSINESS BLOCK.
P. E. DURST, Juvenile.
E. L. CHRISTIE, Stereosc.



ALEXANDER, KELLY & CO.'S MILLS AND ELEVATORS,
Irown, photo.



CARE OF THE SICK.

Two of the most difficult things an amateur nurse finds to do is to bathe and change the bedclothes of her patient without exposing them to the chance of taking cold. It is a most necessary thing for any woman to know, as there are times when a trained nurse may not be attainable, and life or death may depend on the way the work is done.

Take the under sheet, roll it lengthwise, that is, begin at the side. Push soiled sheet and all coverings toward the patient, leaving the mattress bare. On this lay the clean roll; tucking one side under the mattress, unroll it toward the patient and move him over the roll on the smooth space, keeping him covered with the top blanket; to the other side of the bed pull out under blanket and soiled sheet; finish unrolling clean sheet and tuck it in. Lay the clean upper sheet over the top blanket and cover it with another blanket and then the white counterpane. When these are in place remove the blankets that are next the patient, and he will be left lying between clean sheets, in a clean nightdress, and thoroughly bathed, without having been exposed an instant to the chance of taking cold. See that the air of the room is kept pure and sweet. If the window will open only at the bottom, place a screen between it and the bed; if you have no screen, improvise one by fastening a cord between two convenient points and hang a blanket over it. The pillow-case should be changed frequently, and keep the pillow well under the shoulders; nothing is more tiring to a weak person than to have the edge come just under on the hollow of the neck, throwing the chin forward on the breast. Gently comb and brush the hair, and if there is a beard, keep it washed and free from tangles. If the patient is a woman, part the hair and braid it in two plaits.

If the carpet cannot be removed, sweep it daily with a carpet sweeper or a broom with a cloth wrapped around it, and burn the dust. Wipe the woodwork and furniture daily with a damp cloth. Never leave milk standing in a sick room; it quickly absorbs impurities. If obliged to wait for a few moments until the invalid is ready to take it, cover the glass containing it. Make it a rule to leave nothing in the sick room that is not positively needed there. Remove every cup, glass and spoon as soon as used, and wash all bottles when they are empty. Keep the little table beside the bed covered with a white cloth and see that it is always spotless.

Be as cheerful as possible and try to leave worries on the other side of the door. Even when one is very tired and anxious, a resolute effort of the will enables one to do much to overcome the tendency to show it. A calm nurse calms her patient, and nothing helps on recovery like a mind at rest. Remember while there is life there is hope, and never give way to despair while life remains. Many a person who has been given up to die has recovered to years of usefulness. Keep up the nourishment as long as it can be swallowed; it may be just the stimulation that is needed to turn the scale from death to life.

A good way to keep ice in the sick room has recently been recommended. Put a saucer filled with shaved ice in a soup plate, and cover it with another plate. Place the soup plates thus arranged on a good heavy pillow and cover with another pillow, pressing the pillows so that the plates are completely imbedded in them. The saucerful of ice may in this way be preserved for twenty-four hours with the thermometer in the room at 90 degs. An old jackplane set deep, so as to cut a thick shaving, is a good thing to shave the ice with.

Don't lose your head when with cases of bleeding from the lungs; they very rarely prove immediately fatal. Prop the patient up in bed and give him small pieces of ice to swallow and a quarter of a teaspoonful of tincture of ergot every hour until your physician arrives.

It is so easy to spare one the noise of putting coal on the fire by putting the coal in a paper bag

and laying it on, instead of tumbling it in from a coal hod.

A careful nurse does not knock against or in any way jar the invalid's bed.

A sick person's appetite is capricious. Do not ask what she will have, but prepare the food with as much variety as is allowed, and present it.

The sight of much food often destroys one's little appetite. Prepare but a little, present it daintily, and remove remains at once.

Never allow unpleasant odours to hang about an invalid's room. Hangings of all kinds should find no place in the apartment, and the bed clothing should be sheets, blanket and counterpane, never "comforters," or any sort of quilt that cannot be frequently replaced with a fresh one.

A few bits of charcoal placed about a room absorb evil gases. Some coffee beans burned on a piece of paper deodorize a room.

Unless one can have all the liquid he wishes to drink, offer him only what he may safely take. One is better satisfied to drain a glass than to have it taken away partly full.

Above all a nurse should be careful, not a "talker," calm and firm.

THE JACQUES CARTIER MONUMENT.

The *Canadian Architect and Builder* contains the following account of the Jacques Cartier monument:

The site of the monument is on the north branch of the St. Charles and immediately overlooking the river with the city of Quebec in the background, an excellent view being obtained of its principal points of interest. Nearest is seen St. Rochs, then the suburbs of St. John surmounted by Mount Pleasant, and away to the east, the Parliament House, the Upper Town and the Battery, the Basilica and Laval University. The monument is surrounded at some distance by an iron railing, which encloses, however, a space considerable enough to contain several hundred people.

The monument, which is erected in the centre of the enclosure above described, is about 24 feet high. It is almost square in form, measuring 8½ feet at the base and 3 feet at the summit which has quite an ornamented cornice. Below the cornice, the granite of which the monument is composed, is polished on each of its four sides. On the north face is found Jacques Cartier's shield with the device: *Semper fidelis*, and immediately below, the following inscription:

JACQUES CARTIER
ET SES HARDIS COMPAGNONS
LES MARINS
DE LA GRANDE HERMINE
LA PETITE HERMINE
ET DE L'EMERILLON
PASSERENT ICI L'HIVER
DE 1535-36

Below this is the crest of Lord Stanley of Preston, Governor-General of Canada, and device: "Sans changer." On the east side is this inscription:

LE 23 SEPTEMBRE 1625
LES PÈRES
JEAN DE BREBŒUF, ENNEMOND
MASSE, ET CHARLES LALLEMAND
PRIRENT SOLENNELLEMENT POSSESSION
DU TERRAIN APPELÉ FORT JACQUES-
CARTIER, SITUÉ AU CONFLUENT
DES RIVIÈRES ST-CHARLES ET
LAIRET POUR Y ÉRI-
GER LA PREMIÈRE
RÉSIDENCE
DES MISSIONNAIRES JÉSUITES
À QUÉBEC

Below is found the crest of Lieutenant-Governor Angers with the device: *Par droicts chemins*.

The south side is surrounded with the arms of the *Cercle Catholique de Québec*, representing the Sacred Heart, with the device: *In manifestatione veritatis* and this inscription:

LE 3 MAI, 1536
JACQUES CARTIER
FIT PLANTER À L'ENDROIT OU IL VENAIT
DE PASSER L'HIVER UN CROIX DE
35 PIEDS DE HAUTEUR PORTANT
L'ÉCUSSON FLEURDELYSÉ ET
L'INSCRIPTION
FRANCISCUS PRIMUS DEI GRACIA REX
REGNAT

Below the inscription is the crest of Cardinal Taschereau and the device: *In fide, spe et charitate certandum*.

On the west side is engraved a palm with the names of the Jesuit martyrs, Jogues, Garnier, Masse and De Noue, at the right, and Bréboeuf, Lallement, Buteau and Daniel on the left. Below is the shield of the Jesuit Order and the device: *Ad maiorem Dei gloriam*.

The monument was designed by Mr. E. E. Taché and executed by Mr. J. A. Belanger. The granite of which it is composed comes from the quarries of Migwick, on the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway.

CANADA'S WHEAT PRONOUNCED THE BEST BY THE HIGHEST SCIENTIFIC AUTHORITY.

At the last meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, in the University of Toronto, Prof. Kedzic, of the Michigan Agricultural College, in the president's chair, Prof. Saunders, of the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, read a paper entitled "Notes on wheats grown as single plants at the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Canada." Since the organization of the Experimental Farm, Professor Saunderson said, attention had been given to wheat growing, and seed wheat in great variety had been obtained from many different parts of the world, and observations made on their periods of ripening, productiveness and relative quality. The Fife wheats deservedly class with those of the highest quality on account of the large proportion of gluten they contain, their bright colour and their covering yielding in the hands of the millers a large proportion of what bakers call "strong flour," from which white bread of the highest quality can be made. Ten samples of Fife wheat from Canada and the United States were grown and these gave an average of a fraction over twenty-five heads to each plant and twenty-five kernels to each head, with a yield of 731-fold. It is worthy of note that while five samples of wheat from the United States yielded an average of 550-fold, five samples from the Canadian Northwest yielded 712-fold, from which it would appear that the Canadian Northwest had more vitality and vigour, sufficient in fact to make a difference of over 65 per cent. in the yield. From official returns it appears that the average yield of wheat is much higher in Manitoba and the Canadian Northwest than in the Northern and Western States. While this might be partially due to the quality of the soil, it would appear to result mainly from the inherent vigour of the seed, and the conclusion to be drawn is that Canadian wheat is much better for seed. Russian wheats rank next in importance, but the Indian wheat tests proved less prolific. Experiments are being carried on at experimental farms at Brandon and Indian Head, which will throw further light on this important subject.

THE ELLIOTT SETTLEMENT NEAR BRANDON.

BY PROF. HENRY TANNER, F.C.S.

In the Elliott settlement, which is about thirty miles to the south of Brandon, in Manitoba, we have another typical group of highly successful farmers. These generally have 320 acres of land each, and although the settlement was only commenced three or four years since, yet, as they commenced with moderate capital, they had nothing to impede their success. Substantial dwellings, schoolhouses, churches, and stores well filled with merchandise, are to be found all over the settlement, and last winter over 100,000 bushels of wheat were sent from here to Brandon for sale. As we approach Brandon we enter upon a still larger class of farms about 640 acres in extent. Those belonging to the Hon. Mr. Sifton, Mr. Whitehead, Dr. Fleming, and Mr. Johnson, may be taken as typical cases of farms, which were speedily rendered complete by their owners, and forthwith brought under successful cultivation. In all these cases, the profits on two years' cropping would repay the purchase of the property, and also the outlay for improvements. Other lands in the same district were farmed under a different arrangement, as for instance Mr. McBurnie's farms. He purchased 4,000 acres of land, it was enclosed, ploughed and backset ready for sowing, convenient residences and small farm buildings were erected, and these farms were then let to tenants at a moderate rental, which thoroughly well remunerated both the owner and the occupiers.

BAND OF THE 95TH BATTALION, BRANDON.—This engraving reminds our readers that, as we have hinted elsewhere, Brandon is lacking in none of those agencies, social and patriotic, that go to the making of our complex civilization. That it should boast such an institution as this band, after but seven years of civic existence, speaks well for the musical taste and skill, as well as the military ardour, of the citizens. And such young bandsmen!

THE FIRST FUCHSIA IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Lee, a nurseryman of Hammersmith, in 1789, was the first to obtain and increase this plant for sale, and the traditional account of his good fortune in the matter may interest some of those who now admire the fuchsia as a popular garden flower. A hundred years ago the vineyard nursery garden near Kensington was as renowned for its rare collection of exotics as it had been at a still earlier date for its flourishing vineyard and the good wine made and sold on the premises. One day a visitor fond of plants called and was shown all the floral treasures of the place by the proprietor himself. "Ah, Mr. Lee," said the visitor at parting. "I saw a wonderful plant flowering in a cottage window at Wapping the other day, with drooping crimson flowers, and buds like coral eardrops, and I have seen nothing so beautiful in your greenhouses to-day." The great nurseryman was a little piqued at the idea of anything in a vineyard being compared with his choicest hothouse rarities, and curiosity prompted him to make minute inquiries, the result being that he drove down to Wapping the next day, and there sure enough, in the window of a humble dwelling was the first fuchsia he had ever seen. Half beside himself with the exultation of such a beautiful discovery, he soon introduced himself to the owner of the plant, who told him that her Jack the sailor had brought it home with him on his return from South America, and that, poor as she was, nothing would induce her to part with the plant, or, as she called it "her keepsake." After some persuasion, however, Mr. Lee induced her to let him take away the plant, and in return he emptied his pockets of all the money he had about him (several guineas), at the same time promising that a plant should be returned to her after he had succeeded in increasing it from cuttings or slips. And so from the cottage window at Wapping the first fuchsia was brought to the aristocratic side of London, and the story spread, and the highest and fairest women in England drove to the great nursery at Hammersmith to see the prize.—*Good Words.*

HOW HOT WATER SAVES CHINA.

The entire absence of sanitary arrangements in Chinese towns and villages being well known, it goes without saying that the laws of hygiene are utterly and entirely neglected. There is no isolation of infectious diseases, and no attention is paid to causes of death unless there is suppression of violence. According to our ideas, therefore, Chinese cities ought to be hotbeds of disease, subjected regularly to those terrible epidemics which, with us, are invariably associated with the neglect of sanitary laws. Strange to say, such is not the case. Epidemics come and go without any apparent reason, appearing, perhaps, suddenly, causing a heavy mortality for a short time, and then as suddenly disappearing again, thus affording an endless field of speculation to the foreign savant. But, speaking generally, Chinese towns enjoy an immunity from these dangerous outbreaks almost as complete as that of well-drained European communities, and the cause of this puzzling and curious phenomenon has been variously explained. The fact is all the more striking when taken in connection with the contaminated water supplies of Chinese towns, the effect of which on Europeans has been manifested over and over again in the heavy mortality which overtakes them previous to the adoption of precautions enjoined by modern sanitary science. The healthiness of Chinese cities has been ingeniously attributed by some people to the universal habit of fanning, a practice which is said to keep the atmosphere in constant circulation. How far this explanation can be deemed to suffice we must leave to experts to decide, but, so far as a contaminated water supply is concerned, we believe the real secret of immunity from its evil effects to lie in the universal custom of boiling all water intended for drinking. As a matter of fact, the Chinese never drink cold water. The national beverage, which, in a true sense, may be said to "cheer but not inebriate," is tea, and this is always "on tap," even in the houses of the very poor. The native aversion to cold water is undoubtedly carried to extremes, and certainly induces diseases which

might easily be avoided by a judicious system of outward application. In the matter of ablutions it must, however, be admitted that the Chinese enjoy facilities which, however little they are taken advantage of, are far in advance of anything within the reach of the poorer classes of our own favoured land. Every little hamlet in China has a shop where hot water can be bought for a trifling sum at any hour of the day or night. Even in a small fishing village on a remote island in the Gulf of Fuchih, where the writer spent six weeks under very unpleasant circumstances during a severe Winter, this was the case, and a great convenience it proved.—*The National Review.*

FROM MORDUE TO LANCE.

CALUMET, P.Q.

DEAR LANCE.—You say in your last that you are afraid we Canadians are not as loyal as we used to be, and then you ask how we feel about annexation. Evidently you have been reading some of the wise sayings of Uncle Sam. Confess, now: Was it not that speech of Senator M., who says: "The Americans are very much in love with our institutions. Of course, they can see the material advantages in our form of government and our system of administration. The contrast is very palpable. The natural tendency of the Anglo-Saxon mind, united with the great military controlling power we certainly have, will make Canada our property whenever we want to take it?" Or, perhaps, it was that of Congressman F., who, on a certain occasion, said: "In every great crisis in our history as a people, whenever our liberties were endangered, whenever the existence of our institutions was jeopardized and the life of the Republic hung in the balance, let us not forget that England has been our most aggressive, active, dangerous, and deadly enemy. Her Canadian dependency is a menace to our prosperity and peace, and always will be, so long as England's flag floats over that country." Did either of these weighty utterances find their way to your quiet seaport town and so frighten you into the belief that we Canadians were really looking forward to annexation? Let your mind be at peace on the subject, for never were Canadians more loyal, more patriotic than they are now. We are not going to be ruled by Uncle Sam. Queen and mother country for us, or, I was going to say, independence, but that would hardly be possible, for Uncle Sam would be sure to think we wanted looking after, being so young and dreadfully behind in our ways, and so with that deep, friendly interest he takes in our well-being, would ask us to allow him to be our protector, and if we were so silly as to refuse, why, then, you know what would follow. So our earnest wish is to be for ever with the mother country. Of course, there are a few who think otherwise, whose hands long to be helping up the vast fortunes that are to be made there, who would harter patriotism and every other feeling for the sake of gain. What care they for home or country if they can but achieve their darling wish! Certainly it is a great country for making money; the ways and means are wonderful, such as the manufacture of patent medicines, the different products of petroleum, fancy soaps, sausages, etc. Or, if one happens to be very "smart," he could try his hand at bootleism. By the way, we have several bootlers stopping with us at present. Of course, they find our place very slow—miss the excitement of the pleasant life they have been leading, and so to fill up the time they build handsome terraces of houses (as somebody remarked, such houses as only bootlers could build). They might, for the novelty of the thing (and for novelty they have a special fondness), put on the notices, "To Let—Built by a Bootler for Bootlers." It is really amusing to see Uncle Sam trying to look indifferent when he comes over here to "spy out the land," when he sees the wealth, the prosperity, and the progress of commerce and the grand future of our Dominion. It is too much for him. He hurries home, filled with a desire to "possess." "It ain't likely," he remarks, confidently to his fellow-citizens, "that that old Dominion was intended for England. It is plain to be seen that it ever intended for England. It is plain to be seen that it ought to belong to us. But we ain't going to get war with England about it. Not that there would be any damage with her having any show in the matter, but there is a much easier way to do the thing. You see, when I was over there on my pleasure trip I, with that natural prying ingenuity with which we are so gifted, soon found out everything worth knowing, and I will be jiggered if those air people ain't the softest and innocent-like as ever you saw. Why, I made them believe that their country was going to rack and ruin as fast as it could. I waxed eloquent and talked about commercial union and the advantages to be derived from it, and I tell you what it is, it is commercial union that is going to take with them. They don't see where the next step will be, so let us work on their feelings a little longer and we will get a prize worth more than our own country. They have the finest fisheries in the world (as we know to our cost), coal mines and minerals in abundance, and a vast area of country still undeveloped. What say you, my fellow-citizens? Shall we go in and

MORDUE.

Good breeding is the art of making all others satisfied with themselves and pleased with you.



The Weather Bureau's work on Tornadoes will doubtless be entitled the Government Blew Book.

Why is it that the fellows who are about to take bachelor degrees always invite the pretty girls to see them do it?

Noah might have built the ark of iron had he not been specially directed to gopher wood. He didn't have to go far for it, either.

"Yes," she said, "I used to know all about flowers once, but I have forgotten them all except the Aurora borealis and the Delirium tremens."

"WHAT are your charges, doctor?" "Three dollars a visit." "Well, we don't want you to come on a visit, but just to stay ten or fifteen minutes."

SUSPICIOUS CHARITY.—Mother: "Ella, you cannot marry him. He has no money." Ella: "Why, mother, I saw him give \$5 to a beggar!" Mother: "Probably an accomplice."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Mamma: "Why, Bobby, you are all over ink. Go and look at your face in the glass." Bobby (proudly): "Course I am. We've had a writin' lesson again this morning."

FIRST WORSHIPPER.—"Our preacher is becoming dreadfully tiresome. He doesn't talk about anything but our sins." Second Worshipper: "Yes, we will have to send him abroad again to get some new ideas."

MAMMA: "Bobby, I notice that your little sister took the smaller apple. Did you let her have her choice, as I told you to?" "Yes, I told her she could have the little one or none; and she chose the little one."

A COMMERCIAL PARADOX.—Customer: "Say, Rothstein, who's that man doing all that yelling and screaming and swearing at the clerks in the rear of the store?" Rothstein: "Oh, dot vos Rosenberg, der silent pardner."

KING MILAN is fearfully short of money and utterly without credit." When Brokley read this he thrust both hands into his pockets up to the wrists, and exclaimed, melodramatically: "Now I know what it is to feel like a king!"

FRIEND MEEK had a very good horse and a very bad one. When seen riding the latter it turned out that his better-half had taken the good one. "What!" said a bachelor friend, "how comes it that you let your wife ride the better horse?" "Friend," said Meek, "when the best married thee'll know!"

IT would be hard to beat the reply credited to the court chaplain of Sweden to a socialist who was trying to air his theories at court. The socialist insisted that "the Savioeur was a communist." "Yes," was the ready reply, "with this difference: Christ said, 'What is mine is thine,' but you say, 'What is thine is mine!'"

"Did you see the beginning of this trouble?" asked the magistrate of a witness against a man who had struck his wife. "Yes, sir; I saw the very commencement of the difficulty. It was about two years ago." "Two years ago?" "Yes, sir. The minister said 'Will you take this man to be your lawful husband?' and she said 'I will?'

"LOOK at that now," said an Irishman as, in company with a friend, he passed a couple of Italians who were engaged in animated conversation. "Well, what of it? They are talking to each other; nothing more." "Yes, but that's the wan thing Oi want to know." "Well, what about?" "How can they tell what they're talking about?"

SANDY, after a spree at a village inn, had on his way home to pass through a very dark wood, when on getting clear of it espied the moon, and addressed her as follows: "Man, you're a guid minne, a brav mune, but I ha'e the better o' ye, for ye can only get fu' since a month when I can get fu' ev' nicht, but wi' this proveeso, that my wife is no aboot."

IT WAS FUNNY.—Miss Gazeaway: "He's the dearest, loveliest, handsomest fellow you ever saw, and I'm going to get him or perish in the attempt." Aunt: "Aren't you ashamed, Margaret, to throw yourself at a man in that fashion?" Miss Gazeaway: "It's funny, auntie, you're always thinking about men." I was referring to a St. Bernard puppy I saw yesterday."

MRS. HARDUP: "We never see you now, Mrs. Nurich, since your husband was lucky enough to make money. I suppose you are trying to forget all about the days when we lived together in cheap lodgings?" Mrs. Nurich: "O no, indeed, I would not forget those days for the world. The contrast is too pleasant. But, then, you see, the money I have now enables me to move in the society to which I always naturally belonged."

"FATHER," said little Johnnie Smith, the other night, "I picked up a half-soor on the street the day." "Ye did ye," cried Smith, sternly, "but I suppose you returned it to the owner, eh?" "Yes, I did return it," answered Johnnie, "That's right," cried his father, much pleased; "that's a guid, honest laddie." "Bit I couldn't help it," replied Johnnie, looking conscience stricken, "the man had me by the ear."

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EDWIN: (more prosaic): Ya-as; but also of the salt of married life Flora, don't you know!

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